

A GIRL WHO COMES GOLFING.

MISS RHONA ADAIR, CHAMPION OF UNITED KINGDOM.

An Irish girl who is as gentle and sweet in manner as one of Miss Edgeworth's heroines, and who will not play golf on Sunday, has in the last week excited the interest of lovers of golf hereabouts. She is Miss Rhona Adair, and she has been twice champion of the Ladies' Golf Union of Great Britain and for four years in succession—practically her whole golfing career—woman champion of Ireland.

She has not come here as an aspirant for further fame on the links. Instead, the golfing is an incident of a visit to Mrs. C. M. A. Grison. The latter, with her daughter, Miss Frances Grison, had come to the Adairs in Ireland and at North Berwick, in Scotland, which is a summer haven for many who love golf in this country and abroad, the cottage colony including Ambassador Choate.

Dalhousie, the Grison country house, is at Haverford, near the links of the Merion Cricket Club. It occurred to Mrs. Grison, as a welcome to her guest, to invite her golfing friends to join in a tournament on the noted course; and the gala, as Miss Edgeworth would have written, was a great social and golfing success. The presence of the Canadian woman champion and a party of her friends was also a factor to make the tournament of international prominence.

Such a tournament is an innovation for our women golfers, but not unknown among the men, one instance of such a meeting for the players of the sterner sex being that in which Howard A. Colby was the host three years ago at the Essex County Country Club. Mrs. Grison presented all the prizes, and, besides many other courtesies, entertained all the players at luncheon each day.

There was great curiosity to meet the golfing star and her sister, Miss Nora Adair, when they drove to the links last Sunday with the Grisons. Both were in white dresses of fluffy organdies or lawns, with large white straw picture hats and black feathered conventional for non-players. On Monday, although Miss Nora does not golf much, both were dressed for the game, and Miss Rhona played a practice round with Miss Grison. But on Tuesday the real golfing began; and, in the days of sunshine and rain that followed, how the British champion was clad was noted keenly by the American women.

In sunny weather on one day Miss Rhona Adair wore a suit of light green Irish stuff, a material much like poplin, but softer and cooler, with a short jacket. The latter being discarded revealed a white silk waist, and she played with the sleeves rolled up to the elbows and without a hat. Her shoes were tan and low cut, heavily studied to prevent slipping, and she wore tan gloves. On the rainy days Miss Adair did not wear gloves, reversing the usual fashion among American women. Then her skirt was of gray plaid, and over the light waist she wore a double breasted green coat, the club coat of the Royal Portrush, a weather-beaten but natty garment.

Miss Adair's headgear then was a knitted Tam o' Shanter, set off with a thistle of silver, that looked very jaunty. The damp air about must not carry the chill of even our autumn rains, for the American women, it must be said, looked far more comfortable in the regulation woolen sweaters. Miss Adair, should she make a prolonged stay, must take up with the sweater.

The waists worn by Miss Rhona, although as fluffy as those of American women, were not cut high in the neck like shirt waists. They were cut somewhat low—one of the women who followed the matches said like "baby yokes." As a brooch, or as a man

would wear a scarf pin, Miss Rhona wore the gold trophy emblematic of the Irish championship.

Propinquity made Miss Rhona Adair a golfer, as it did her greatest rival abroad,



MISS RHONA ADAIR.

Miss May Hazlet. Both are players over the Portrush links, which is not so many miles from the show place known to all Americans, the Glend's Causeway. A bit of golfing history will make this plain.

Until the organization of the Ladies' Golf Union in 1893 the women had no place in golf in Great Britain. Here, the United States Golf Association from its birth held out a helping hand to the women players, and, oddly enough, our women's championship trophy is a \$1,000 vase presented by the

late Robert Cox, M. P., of Edinburgh; but abroad the women were banished, if not from the links, from the "long round."

At St. Andrews they were limited to a putting course, and, until they began to organize separate clubs, to a sort of "Jews' quarter" on the men's links. The Union soon brought a change, and, although barred only two years ago from St. Andrews, the annual championship tournament is now welcomed at the best of the men's links, and the men's tees are not moved up.

The men abroad follow slavishly a circle of five links for their championship, but, with the audacity of the unrecognized, the women upset this tradition. England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales have all been visited, and it was the first meeting at Portrush that gave to Miss Rhona Adair and Miss May Hazlet, then was tota, the inspiration to take up golf in earnest. To be

statistical, this is the record to prove the missionary work done by the Ladies' Union:

1893 Lady M. Scott, J. Pearson, St. Anne's.
1894 Lady M. Scott, J. Pearson, Littlestone.
1895 Lady M. Scott, J. Pearson, Littlestone.
1896 Miss A. Pascoe, L. Thompson, Holyrood.
1897 Miss E. Orr, J. Orr, Gullane.
1898 Miss L. Thompson, L. Neville, Yarmouth.
1899 Miss M. Hazlet, Macdonald, Newcastle.
1900 Miss R. Adair, Neville, Westward Ho!
1901 Miss M. Hazlet, Macdonald, Newcastle.
1902 Miss M. Hazlet, Macdonald, Newcastle.
1903 Miss R. Adair, Walker-Lidell, Portrush.

On the only occasion when played in Scotland, that natives of the North, the

champion is in her easy and confident way of playing every stroke. No matter how puzzling the lie or the distance to be measured to the green, Miss Rhona takes out the right club from the bag.

She does not have to be told by a caddy what to do or where to play the ball. This decisive manner in play was marked in the members of the Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Society's team, and it is due to a lifelong knowledge of the links and the game. In Boston it was said that the action was subconscious, the influence of past generations of golfers; but this may not be said of Miss Rhona, for golf is as new in Ireland as in this country.

On the two Miss Adair has a full and graceful swing, her iron shots are made with a snap, and a bit of turf follows the ball while in putting she is quick and accurate. On the putting greens the champion does not waste any time in looking from the ball to the hole, but, like the best putters abroad, she studies the turf with care from back of the hole, and, having made up her mind, takes her stance and sends the ball along without further hesitation.

In appearance there is nothing of the collected "veteran" about her. She is Scotch, rather, in her style. She is slight in physique, but all curves, with deep auburn hair, blue eyes and a clear pink and white complexion. She is a bit of a dandy, while a Vardon in petticoats, Miss Rhona Adair is a "girl's girl," and utterly lacking in the airs that sometimes give to great exponents of the game the appearance of being "too good for the gallery." This makes her a great favorite and is one reason for the chorus of the Merion players the other day:

Who goes our links with ease?
Who makes the holes in three?
Rhona, Rhona Adair!
There were several verses in the parody, and the guests of Mrs. Grison sang it with glee.

There are a woman who comes to this theatre, "said Treasurer Zimmerman of the Princess," who never misses a matinee. It is the same woman, different to her who plays the play, she appears every matinee day. She always buys a dollar seat in the balcony. To make sure that she gets it she telephones two days ahead. We know who she is, of course, but it would not do to make her name public. She simply comes, and she is a bit of a dandy, while a Vardon in petticoats, Miss Rhona Adair is a "girl's girl," and utterly lacking in the airs that sometimes give to great exponents of the game the appearance of being "too good for the gallery." This makes her a great favorite and is one reason for the chorus of the Merion players the other day:

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Misses Orr, should be winner and runner up was taken as proof positive that the real skill in golf lay beyond the Tweed, and that the Scotch girls did not win more often was because they did not often go to the tournaments.

This fruitful theme of discussion weakened with the first of the Irish conquests, that of Miss May Hazlet in 1890, and vanished forever the next year, when the Scotch players came in strength to Westward Ho and Miss Rhona Adair won, with another Irish player as runner up. To clinch the present supremacy of the Irish girls further, Miss May Glover, who won the championship of the newly organized Scottish Ladies' Golf Union this year, was beaten by 6 up and 4 to play by Miss Rhona Adair, at the recent opening of the Barnehurst Golf Club in Kent, England.

The two leaders of women's golf in Ireland are the best of friends, and in the medal play competition on the day preceding the last championship of the Ladies' Union, after their fight for the prize, Miss Rhona Adair relinquished her claim to Miss May Hazlet.

"I began playing golf when about ten years old at Portrush," said Miss Adair at Merion. "It has since been my best loved recreation. I use light clubs, somewhat short in the shaft, and I prefer the rubber cored ball.

"The Merion course, the only one I have played on here, I like very much, although it lacks the width and distances of those abroad, while the hazards are also very different.

"The players here are far beyond what I had expected in their skill, from what I had been told, and many, particularly Mrs. Stout, are as good as our best.

"The country is charming, but not the weather as yet; and the American and Canadian women have been most kind and delightful. After my matches they have cheered me as heartily as though I was native born."

The Merion links will not find many supporters about the Metropolitan Golf Association clubs, and to this extent Miss Adair's views will not be endorsed. The round is of 6,827 yards, but many of the holes are tricky ones.

The match between the M. G. A. and All Philadelphia teams was played there last spring, when the home players won and Findlay Douglas was beaten in a most decisive way by W. P. Smith. This is why our local players will not agree with Miss Adair's views.

A charm of the game of the visiting champion is in her easy and confident way of playing every stroke. No matter how puzzling the lie or the distance to be measured to the green, Miss Rhona takes out the right club from the bag.

She does not have to be told by a caddy what to do or where to play the ball. This decisive manner in play was marked in the members of the Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Society's team, and it is due to a lifelong knowledge of the links and the game. In Boston it was said that the action was subconscious, the influence of past generations of golfers; but this may not be said of Miss Rhona, for golf is as new in Ireland as in this country.

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THEY'LL HONOR JOE BOWERS.

PIKE COUNTY TO HAVE A LOG HOUSE AT ST. LOUIS.

Unique Privilege Conferred by the Fair Managers Upon It—The Balled That Made Pike Famous—Did Joe Bowers Exist?—His Grave Shown, Anyhow.

St. Louis, Oct. 10.—Pike county, Mo., of Joe Bowers renown, is the only county in the United States that will have a separate building to the world's fair here. A site and permission to erect a Pike county building have just been granted by the exposition officials to a committee of "Pikers," and plans are being drawn by a Pike county architect for the construction of a commodious log house to be known as "Joe Bowers' Pike County Home."

Thus do loyal Pikers, at home and elsewhere, propose to perpetuate the fame of a character who has made their county world famous.

There are several Pike counties in the United States, but Joe Bowers' is his lustre upon only one. Here is the song, first sung in a San Francisco theatre in the early '30s, which for half a century has been the sacred saga of Pike:

My name it is Joe Bowers,
And I've got a brother like;
I come from old Missouri,
Yes, all the way from Pike.

I tell you why I left home,
And why I came to roam,
And leave my poor old mammy,
So far away from home.

I used to court a gal there—
Her name was Sally Black;
I asked her if she'd marry me;
She said it was a waste of time.

Says she to me, "Joe Bowers,
Before we hitch for life
You ought to get a little home
To keep your little wife."

O Sally! dear Sally!
O Sally! for your sake
I'll go to California,
And try to make a stake.

Says she to me, "Joe Bowers,
You are the man to win;
Here's a kiss to bind the bargain,
And she bave a dozen in."

When I got to that country
I hadn't a penny left;
I had such wolfish feelings
I wished myself dead.

But the thoughts of my dear Sally
Said, "Made them feelers get,
And whispered words to Bowers—
I wish I had 'em yet!"

At length I went to mining,
Put in my biggest licks,
Went down upon the boulders
To strike a thousand bricks.

I worked both late and early
In rain, in sun, in snow;
I was working for my Sally—
'Twas all the same to Joe.

At length I got a letter
From my dear brother like;
It came from old Missouri,
All the way from Pike.

It brought you the dear news
That ever you did hear;
My heart is almost bursting,
So pray excuse this tear.

It said that Sal was false to me,
Her love for me had fled;
She'd got married to a butcher—
The butcher's hair was red.

And more than that the letter said—
It was enough to make me swear—
That Sally had a baby,
And the baby had red hair.

Some versions of the song add another stanza, which is written in such doggeral and is so uncalled for that most Pikers declare that it is by another hand than that which wrote the original ballad. It follows:

Now I've told you all I can
About this sad affair—
'Bout Sally marrying a butcher,
But whether 'twas a boy or gal child
The letter never said;
It only said that the baby's hair
Was inclined to be red.

The authorship of the Joe Bowers ballad is shrouded in mystery. Many Pikers have sought to pierce the veil, but with slight success.

The Hon. Thomas J. C. Fagg, formerly a Justice of the Supreme Court of Missouri and now, in his old age, postmaster of the city of Louisiana, the metropolis of Pike county, lived in California not long ago met a man at San Francisco who professed to have been well acquainted with the author of the song. This man said that the author was one John Woodward, who during the '50s and for many years thereafter was a member of a minstrel troupe that played in the mining towns up and down the gold coast.

"Joe Bowers" was first sung in San Francisco, where it made a tremendous hit. Hundreds of Pike county men had gone to California shortly after the discovery of gold in '49. Originally Pike county comprised a very large part of northeast Missouri and became known as the State of Pike. Most of the Missourians who joined in the rush to the gold country were called "Pikers" by their fellow miners.

Whether there was a man named Joe Bowers from Pike or elsewhere in Missouri among the Argonauts is not a matter of historical record. There are many persons in the present county of Pike who resent indignantly any expression of doubt as to the actual existence of Joe Bowers.

There are aged citizens who aver, with emphatic assurance, that they knew Joe Bowers, Sally Black and the red headed butcher who so unfeelingly cut the tolling prospector. Some will even declare that they knew the red headed baby, and a Piker poet has written a ballad in which the fortunes of Joe Bowers and his brother like were related. This ballad was first published in THE SUN on March 3, 1895.

In Salt River, north of Louisiana, is a log cabin which sometimes is pointed out as the early home of Joe Bowers. Midway between Louisiana and Bowling Green, the county seat, where resides Congressman Champ Clark, the hack driver frequently slows up and points to a rude tombstone over a mound beside the turnpike.

"That's the grave of Joe Bowers," says the driver.

If perchance the passenger is a sceptic and denies that there ever was a Joe Bowers, the driver plunges into eloquent proof of the once material entity of Bowers.

"Why, I knowed his brother like myself," this hack driver is likely to remark; but he is unable to explain when and how and why Joe Bowers, a character forever sacred to all Pikers, happened to be buried in such a lonely and neglected spot. He will merely say that that grave by the turnpike has always been known as the resting place of the defunct Bowers.

In the picturesque little city of Louisiana, nestled among the hills on the bank of the Mississippi, there are various Joe Bowers articles of trade. A jeweller advertises the Joe Bowers souvenir spoon, with "patent applied for" on one side of his card and the old song on the other. There is Joe Bowers smoking-tobacco of local make, and the Joe Bowers cigar is manufactured around the corner.

In St. Joseph, Mo., dwells a commercial traveller by the name of Joseph M. Bauer. For many years he has travelled through northwest Missouri selling cigars and groceries. Years ago a fellow drummer, who familiarly called him Joe Bauer, conceived a joke to be practised upon the merchants

of a territory which was then new to Mr. Bauer. The jocular drummer, who sold another line of goods, travelled with Bauer and introduced him everywhere as "Joe Bowers, all the way from Pike."

Many of the merchants in the small towns, who had heard the old song, but were unacquainted with its origin, took it for granted that the new drummer was the original Joe Bowers. Mr. Bauer at first sought to repudiate the distinction, but he soon learned that it would pay him to let himself continue to be known as the celebrated Piker.

His popularity was increased wonderfully thereby, and he sold such large bills of goods on the strength of his assumed reputation that his salary and commissions grew enormously. In some parts of the State Mr. Bauer is still believed to be the man whose Sally married the butcher. Joseph M. Bauer, it may be stated, never was in Pike county, and steadfastly refused to visit the county, for business reasons.

The Pike county of John Hay's ballads lies just across the Mississippi River, in Illinois. The Missouri Pike, contrary to the general impression of strangers, is one of the most enlightened counties in the State. It contains three cities and many prosperous towns.

Years ago, when bicycle road racing was popular, national races were run on the splendid gravel turnpikes of Pike. Nowadays automobile and coaching parties from St. Louis frequently use the Clarksville belt of turnpikes between Clarksville, in the lower end of Pike, and Louisiana. The country contains the largest fruit tree nurseries in the world and is famous for its apples, its mules, its men and its maidens.

From Pike county went Gen. John B. Henderson to the United States Senate. It is said that Henderson's vote saved President Andrew Johnson from conviction upon his impeachment. Gen. Henderson, who lives in Washington, recently donated a plot of land in the heart of Louisiana for a city park. He still pays almost annual visits to the county.

When Congressman Champ Clark recently made his way to California and Oregon, in recognition of his visit, Missouri societies were organized in Los Angeles and Portland, with Pikers prominent in the membership. There are several Pikers in the Missouri Society of New York.

The Pike county colony in St. Louis is a body including more than 200 men, former residents of the county, who meet annually at a banquet and glorify Joe Bowers. Col. D. P. Dyer, United States District Attorney, is president of the colony, and he appointed the committee which is now arranging to place "Joe Bowers' Pike County Home" at the World's Fair.

It is intended that this building shall be constructed of logs from Pike county, furnished with historic relics from that county and supplied with Pike pictures and literature for the edification of the general multitude. The Pikers hope to show the world that the people of their county are by no means as backward as was indicated by a recent play, in which the Sheriff of Pike, the chief character, wore a slouch hat and a belt, went in his shirt sleeves and spoke with an Arkansas drawl.

It so happened that the real Sheriff of Pike county at the time when the drama was first produced was a college-bred man, who always wore a silk hat in its proper season.

Efforts are to be made by the Pike county committee to settle the authorship of the ballad of Joe Bowers, and it is highly probable that a mass of interesting literature on the subject will be collected and filed in the log house at the World's Fair next year.

OPERA IN NEW COLORS.

Red and Gold Decorations at the Metropolitan—Changes on the Stage.

The new decorations of the Metropolitan Opera House are now sufficiently advanced to give a idea of what their effect will be when the theatre is opened.

The parterre boxes, as well as the grand tier and the balconies, have been painted in vivid tints of gold and the corridors have been tinted in the former bright hue. The effect will be to throw into the shade all women who sit behind the glare of crimson and gilt. The new decorations will undoubtedly cause a change in the style of dressing in the boxes, and in the opinion of one person, who is a judge of the matter, the change will be an improvement.

"The new boxes are so much more brilliant in decoration than the old ones were," he said, "that women who wore red or other vivid wearing of green or red or other vivid colors will find their costumes, if not themselves, swimming in the new decorations. The new color scheme will be a great improvement, and it will be a pity if it were not so."

It is certain that the new color scheme makes the interior of the building look more brilliant than it did with the neutral shades that had been used in the decorations.

The proscenium arch is to be entirely of gold, and that is highly decorative with the massive mouldings that ornament it on either side. This will make a much more impressive frame for the scenes of the operas than the former arch, which was a cautious, inartistic mixture of white cameos on a brown ground and looked like nothing but melting ice cream.

The apron, as the circle projection of the stage into the auditorium is called, has been removed, and the footlights are in the horizontal line across the front of the stage. This has made it possible to put in two more rows of orchestra chairs, which were very much needed.

The alterations to the stage are much more material than those in